

# RED MEN OUTPLAYED BY BROWN'S ELEVEN.

Braves from the Carlisle School  
Beaten by the Score  
of 24 to 12.

Hudson, the Great Indian Quarter Back, Hurt  
in the Very First Rush, and  
Others Also Injured.

Description of the Game on Manhattan Field by Jonas  
Mitchell, One of the Red Men—Stir-  
ring Play Throughout.

BY JONAS MITCHELL, HALFBACK CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL TEAM.

THE football game between the Indians from the Carlisle School and Brown University on Manhattan Field yesterday was one of the hardest fought games of the year. Brown won, but if Hudson, the quarter back of our team, had not been injured in the first rush, there would have been a different story to tell. Fultz, Colby and Gammons, of Brown, would not have been able to make the runs they did.

It was a game full of the hardest of hard luck for our school team, who were in bad shape before they lined up on the field. Hudson was suffering from a bruise on the right leg, which, owing to the games played in the last few weeks, has not had time to get better. It was painful to the touch, and when he went on the field he was in no condition to play. Still, his will power would have enabled him to last out the game. That Metoxen was out of the game until near the last was another handicap to the team. The other members were in bad shape and Brown's tactics were fierce.

It was not the best game we have put, up and our failure was due to the physical condition of the boys. The umpiring was fair, excepting that no attention was paid to the Browns holding our men. Of course, an umpire cannot see everything, but it looked like we received the worst of it on this point.

The number of men injured in the game was very large and six of them, Miller, Hudson, Cayon, Jamison, McFarland and Shellaford, circled our side so that in the last half the team was not nearly so strong as it was at the beginning.

## How He Saw the Game.

The game was as follows: Hall kicked off for Brown, sending the ball into Hudson's hand, who started for Brown's right line, a racehorse. Murphy crashed into him while he was trying to get around, cutting his shoulder into Hudson's leg, which was sore to the bone. The result was Hudson was compelled to leave the field. Shellaford took his place and gained fifteen yards with the ball. By team work Jamison and Cayon carried it to Brown's forty-five yard line. The ball was carried forward to Brown's thirty-five yard line and pushed forward by Jamison to the fifteen yard line. The last half the ball was pushed forward to within about seven yards of the goal. Fultz got it going around our left, and it was lost by Fultz. The goal kick was made by Shellaford down the line on the forty-five yard line. Brown lost the ball and Wheelock gained five yards. McFarland gained five yards and was hit by the ball on downs. It was carried forward by Brown making several pretty runs around the end and down the line by Fultz. The goal kick was a lucky one, a failure being missed by but a few inches.

Wheelock kicked off to Brown's ten-yard line. Hall punted to center, and Shellaford got the ball, and after failing to gain, Captain Pierce punted to Brown's twenty-yard line. Brown tried a kick which landed the ball on our right side. The goal kick was made by Fultz, who was hit by the ball on downs. The center, where it was passed to Wheelock, who tried the right end and made yards. After going ten yards, Shellaford was hit by Cayon. The ball was lost on downs and Cayon, through the interference of Pierce, by successfully blocking, finally made a touchdown. Pierce kicked the goal, tying the score, with nine minutes of the first half yet to be played.

For the remainder of the first half the ball was in Brown's field, and forced through by hard work—pushed through to Brown's twenty-yard line. Brown was slow in getting ready, and just as we were about to make another touchdown time on the first half was called. Cayon, who had a number of waits and time lost by players being temporarily disabled, it was a hard matter to keep time correctly, and five seconds more would have made another touchdown, simply going to show our hard luck. During the ten minutes' rest our men braced up and felt fairly confident. They were talking very high. The second half was opened by Pierce kicking to Colby, who was downed on Brown's thirty-five yard line as he was bringing the ball forward. Fultz got the ball and made a run of fifty yards, being downed by Lone Wolf, who, by a dive, grabbed his ankle.

In the next rush McFarland was hurt, receiving an ugly cut in the forehead, near the right eyebrow, and was carried from the field. Metoxen, who has been laid up for some days, took his place. Metoxen's play was good for a short while, but his injuries soon told on his interference and running.

The ball was forced to Brown's fifteen-yard line and carried back to Carlisle's fifteen-yard line by team play. Jamison got the ball on a fumble and took it five yards. Cayon took it five and Metoxen ten yards and finally to the center. Brown's second half was nearly the twenty-yard line, where Gammons went around the end for a run of more than eighty yards, making a touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score 12 to 6.

Before the ball had been in play ten minutes without much advantage being gained on either side. Shellaford was hurt and taken from the field. A minute later Miller, who had been doing good work, was carried from the field. Hudson, who had been hurt in the first half, was allowed to return, and Smith took Miller's place. Hudson was still feeling badly. A few minutes later, when the ball was in Brown's field, Cayon was injured and I was sent in to take his place. After a couple of plays Colby, I think it was, got the ball and went through for another touchdown, and a goal was kicked. Time was up, so before play could be resumed. The game was won by the score of 24 to 12. The injuries received by our players are

not of a serious nature, and we hope to meet Brown in 1897.

## INDIANS NO MATCH FOR BROWN.

They Made a Brave Fight, Had Bad Luck and Were Finally Defeated.

The Redskins fought with desperation to the end, but they could not stem the tide of defeat. In one of the most stirring football games ever played in these parts the Indians from the training school at Carlisle, Pa., were forced to succumb to the superior skill of the Brown University eleven. The game took place on Manhattan Field yesterday afternoon, in the presence of 15,000 spectators—5,000 within the enclosure and 10,000 on the big iron bridge and on "Deadhead Hill," and Brown won by a score of 24 to 12.

Those who preferred the pleskin to the turkey for the noon feast doubtless make the same choice again. If they were permitted to select a contest on the gridiron, there were many lively incidents, and in this connection something should be said about a son-stirring song which the descendants of savages sang full and strong on the dull and heavy air. The great crowd was silent while the red men sang, and even the begrimed firemen on the elevated tracks paused in their labor of cleaning their engines to listen.

This incident occurred just before the game began, while the teams were rolling over the field in preliminary practice. One of the instructors at the training school lined up twenty substitutes, who at a signal broke out into the following rollicking refrain:

Slowly, Brown, slowly, slowly, Brown, slowly;  
Slowly, Brown, slowly, we're going to beat you  
Merrily we rush along, rush along, rush along,  
Merrily we rush along, o'er the football field.

As the last note of the familiar tune died away there was a tremendous cheer from the multitude, and from that time on the Indians had the sympathies of the spectators.

The game had not progressed very far before it was seen that the Brown team was in the finest possible shape. They were the first to score, and in doing so demonstrated that they possessed the finest system of interference thus far seen. It is possible to imagine, just as the ball is snapped the entire right side of the line runs to the left side, vice versa, and the case may be, thus forming two solid lines, behind which the backs run protected. They blocked the Indians to such an extent that during the game Gammons made one run of eighty yards, one of sixty-five yards and Fultz one of sixty yards. As the last note of the familiar tune died away there was a tremendous cheer from the multitude, and from that time on the Indians had the sympathies of the spectators.

The game began at 2:15 o'clock. The red men won the toss and selected the Western goal, although no advantage was gained, as the breeze was very light and had no effect on the course of a punted ball. Hall kicked off for Brown and sent a pleskin sailing to McFarland, who was downed on the Indians' 30-yard line. In the very first scrimmage Hudson was hurt and retired in favor of Shellaford. Cayon, McFarland and Jamison carried the ball to the Providence team's 40-yard line. Brown then made a determined stand and got the ball on downs. It was passed to Fultz, who carried the ball to the 40-yard line before he was tackled. The first goal run of the game, Hall punted, but the kick was blocked, and the Indians had the ball on their own 40-yard line.

After gaining ten yards through center, the Indians lost the ball on a fumble, and Murphy made a beautiful run, landing the ball on the Indians' 30-yard line before being downed by Lone Wolf, who, by a dive, grabbed his ankle.

## A MIXTURE OF BROWN & RED.

The ball was forced to Brown's fifteen-yard line and carried back to Carlisle's fifteen-yard line by team play. Jamison got the ball on a fumble and took it five yards. Cayon took it five and Metoxen ten yards and finally to the center. Brown's second half was nearly the twenty-yard line, where Gammons went around the end for a run of more than eighty yards, making a touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score 12 to 6. Before the ball had been in play ten minutes without much advantage being gained on either side. Shellaford was hurt and taken from the field. A minute later Miller, who had been doing good work, was carried from the field. Hudson, who had been hurt in the first half, was allowed to return, and Smith took Miller's place. Hudson was still feeling badly. A few minutes later, when the ball was in Brown's field, Cayon was injured and I was sent in to take his place. After a couple of plays Colby, I think it was, got the ball and went through for another touchdown, and a goal was kicked. Time was up, so before play could be resumed. The game was won by the score of 24 to 12. The injuries received by our players are



THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE IN FRIENDLY STRUGGLE ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD YESTERDAY.

he was downed. Fultz then was shoved through center for five yards and again carried it around Rogers's end, landing it within two feet of the goal. The next instant he was pushed over for a touchdown and kicked his own goal. Score, 6 to 0 in favor of Brown.

Then the aborigines braced up, and after a swinging struggle Brown secured the ball on her 35-yard line. Hall punted. Shellaford made a remarkable running catch and tore ahead ten yards before he was brought to grass. Here the Redskins made some of the greatest rushes ever seen on a field. Cayon got around the right end for twenty good yards. McFarland was sent against the center three times in succession, each time meaning a substantial gain. Jamison and Cayon then tore things right and left, and presto! there was a touchdown by Cayon. Captain Pierce kicked a goal, tying the score.

After some rushing and an exchange of kicks the Indians got the ball in the middle of the field and again gave a fine exhibition of football playing. The backs charged the ball down to Brown's fifteen-yard line and then there remained but one minute

bringing him to grass after a run of fifty yards. Here McFarland was injured and gave way to Metoxen, who, if transpired, greatly strengthened the team, as he was fresh and strong as an ox.

Another Goal by Pierce. Then Brown lost a touchdown. The Providence boys had worked the ball close to the red men's goal, and finally Fultz was shoved over the line. But he dropped the ball, and Metoxen fell on it. The play went as a touch back, which counts nothing.

After the Indians had worked the ball to Brown's thirty-yard line they lost it on downs. Here Gammons made the longest run of the game. He circled left end, and breaking clear of his interference, ran the length of the field to a touchdown. Fultz kicked a goal, making the score 12 to 6 in favor of Brown.

Two minutes after the next kick-off Fultz

was kicked and the contest closed with the score 24 to 12 in Brown's favor.

Summary:  
Indians (12).....Position.....Brown (24)  
Rogers.....Left end.....Murphy  
H. Pierce.....Left tackle.....Cayon  
Wheelock.....Left guard.....Wheeler  
Lone Wolf.....Center.....Dyer  
H. Pierce.....Right guard.....Combs  
Morrison.....Right tackle.....Locke  
Miller, Mitchell.....Right end.....Summers  
Hudson, Shellaford, Quarter-back.....Colby (Capt.)  
Cayon.....Left Half-back.....Gammons  
Jamison.....Right Half-back.....Fultz  
McFarland, Metoxen, Full-back.....Hall  
W. H. Corbin, Yale, referee; E. D. Stillman, Yale, umpire; Lueschen-Thompson, Carlisle; Hopkins, Broker's Timekeeper; Fultz, time-keeper; 2, Cayon, 2, Goals—Fultz, 4; B. Pierce, 2.

The Indians visited the Ice Palace Rink last night at Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Seventh street, and watched the skating.

## SHEEHAN WILL NOT QUIT.

Says He Will Retain the Leadership of Tammany Hall and Predicts Victory at the Next Election.

John C. Sheehan, leader of Tammany Hall, returned yesterday from a business trip to Pittsburgh. When seen at his home last night he made the following statement: "I am going to remain at the head of the Tammany Hall organization. I have never had any intention of retiring, and all stories to the contrary are foolish. I am surprised that they should be in circulation. It is my intention to do all that I can to further the interests of the regular Democratic organization in this county, and give to the people an economical Democratic administration of their public affairs. Next year we will rescue the local government from the hands of the people who gained control of it two years ago under the guise of reform. Tammany is in good trim for its next battle, and if an election were held to-morrow we would easily carry the city." Mr. Sheehan had nothing to say concerning Mr. Croker's interview. It is not likely that there will be any steps taken toward a reorganization of Tammany Hall until after the annual primaries, which will be held some time next month. That something will be done to reconcile the various factions is certain.

## Boy Fatally Burned; Fireman Hurt.

Frederick Schmidt, four years old, of Jefferson street, West New York, N. J., left alone by his mother, while she went to a nearby grocery, climbed to the mantle piece and got hold of a box of matches. While making a bonfire on the door he set fire to his clothes and the house. He was fatally burned before his screams were heard by neighbors. While Empire truck was going to the fire, Fireman Jacob Stuart, fell under the wheels and was run over. Both his legs were broken.

## Bartender Hit Him with a Hatchet.

Morris Rose, twenty-five years old, of 940 Second avenue, during an altercation last night in a saloon at No. 155 Bowery, was struck by Bartender Hugh Williamson on the head with a hatchet. He was attended by a surgeon and went home. Williamson was locked up.

## FIVE-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY.

Wee Brooklyn Prodigy Who Disappears Frequently and Cuts Tags From His Clothes So He Can Lose Himself.

Brooklyn has a wee boy who likes himself almost every day. Almost any day in some station house in Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or other sections of the city, this lad can be found waiting for a call from his anxious mother. He has become a nuisance. Sergeant Kohlmann, of the Bedford Avenue Station, said last night. The lad, who is five years old, has a mania for running away from his home, at No. 179 Bedford avenue. The child is pretty Freddie Gallagher. Almost every night the sergeant sends out a general alarm for this disappearing and adventurous baby. He passes more nights in the station houses than he does in his own crib.

When he grows up he will be an explorer, his mother says, although she is not proud of it. The child has caused her some anxiety in his short career than has any other child she has ever known. That all the police force may make his acquaintance of this adventurous spirit, and that her child may be returned to her without any harm after a night or two of rambling, Mrs. Gallagher attached a tag to Freddie's jacket, telling who he was. But the child soon learned that he could cut off the tags and still remain unknown for a time at least. Then when he was picked up in Carlisle or Coney Island at midnight or found near the river's edge at dusk, he would be as dumb as an oyster.

Sometimes he would tearfully inform the inquisitive policeman that he did not know where he was, and that he was lost. When taken into custody, he would volunteer the information that he lived next to the nearest police station, and the officer would be taken in by his friend, the policeman.

## MORE TROUBLE FOR HAYTI.

General Manigat Said to Be Preparing to Start Another Revolution in the Black Republic.

Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 19.—Hayti seems to be doomed to know no peace for any length of time. Apparently well authenticated reports have reached the Haytian colony here of troubles brewing in political circles that may break into open hostilities at any moment. The unpopularity of the Government of President Sam is beginning to develop into a serious menace to the peace of his administration.

Chief among the causes of President Sam's unpopularity are his treatment of the people's hero, General Manigat, and his open protection of his notorious Minister of Finance, M. Fouchard. The former was practically banished from the republic when he was sent as Minister to France, and the latter is kept in office, despite the fact that he has financially ruined his country.

It is now rumored that Manigat has telegraphed his agent here that it is his intention to resign his mission to France and return to Kingston by way of New York, and that while in the United States he will reopen negotiations with the syndicate that was to have financed his contemplated and practically matured movement against Hippolyte, which only fell through on account of that ruler's death.

If this be true, and all the known conditions point to its likelihood, within a very short time the peace which Hippolyte succeeded in giving the turbulent republic will be again disturbed and another series of weak revolutions and counter revolutions be started.

Miss Meta Mackay has the universal sympathy of society in the present case, although she is by far too spirited a girl to accept.

Mr. George Morgan, who is a member of the Raquet and New York clubs, will probably continue in the employ of his uncle, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, although his social career is for a time at least considerably dimmed. As for the little bird cage upstairs, and the little bird that occupied it, they are only the unconsidered trifles of a romance in modern society.

## CROWD SAW HIM HELD UP.

Two Men Attacked and Robbed Walters, While People Looked On.

Two daring highwaymen shortly after dark last night held up Jacob Walters, of No. 204 Eldridge street, Williamsburg, in Mulder street. Walters was walking toward Waterbury avenue, and when near the corner the men crossed the street. One of the fellows grabbed him by the throat and tightened his grip in a desperate effort to strangle him. He wrestled himself free, but before he could make an outcry the other man caught him and held his hand over his mouth while his confederate rifled Walters' pockets. He got 25 cents.

Walters struck out with his left hand, the right being otherwise behind his back, and landed a blow under his assailant's jaw. Both men ran away and were pursued by a crowd, but were surprised that they stood as if spellbound, and did not render any assistance.

The robbers got away, but from a description furnished to the police, they arrested Frank Burrows, twenty-two years old, of No. 149 0th Street, and Fred J. Smith, of No. 305 Mulder street. Walters positively identified them as his assailants, but the prisoners denied the guilt.

# YOUNG MORGAN HAD A HOME, SUB ROSA.

Discovery by Miss Mackay's  
Family Led to Breaking  
the Engagement.

Then the Nephew of J. Pierpont  
Morgan Pleaded Hard  
for Secrecy.

But the Society Girl He Had Deceived  
Spurred Him and Would  
Give No Promise.

## IN HIS UNCLE'S BANKING HOUSE.

Still Employed There, and as for the Little  
House Updown and Its Fair Occu-  
pant—Society Has No  
Regard.

Not long ago a very innocent looking social paragraph was set afloat in the newspapers to the effect that the engagement of Miss Meta Mackay to Mr. George Morgan was indefinitely postponed. No reason was given for the postponement of the engagement, and society has been guessing as to the cause that led to the breaking of the engagement.

Society's curiosity is not so easily satisfied, however, and the gossipers set a foot such inquiries that the whole truth of the Mackay-Morgan mystery has come to light at last.

George Morgan, as the young man known among his acquaintances in Wall Street and uptown as well, is a nephew of the great financier, J. Pierpont Morgan. He is the son of Mr. George H. Morgan, of No. 6 East Fortieth street. His mother was also a Morgan and the sister of J. Pierpont Morgan. Thus it will be seen that George is an inbred Morgan, his father being a distant cousin of his mother at the time of their marriage.

George was suspected of being unusually gay about the time he left college, and on this account was sent on a voyage around the world with some of the best traveling companions. Beyond spending a good deal of money in many foolish ways, particularly going to many costly resorts in foreign countries and to such old friends as he met on his travels, he finished his journey without any additional blench on his character.

## J. Pierpont Morgan's Clerk.

On his return to New York he was placed in the banking house of his uncle, J. Pierpont Morgan, in the capacity of a clerk. It was thought that this arrangement would keep him out of mischief, even if he did not show any signs of being a bad boy in business. It also gave him some standing in the business world, which, added to his family's reputation and social standing, made him a figure in society.

In the course of time he met Miss Meta Mackay, a very beautiful and charming young woman, and finally became engaged to her. It was thought at the time of an excellent match for both, and a hurried marriage was made over the announcement of the engagement. The bride was Miss Margaret Anchin, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Barnet Mackay, of No. 25 West Thirty-seventh street, and a relative of the late General Richard Anchin.

Arrangements were already in progress for the wedding when some kindly friend noticed the wedding card, and it was found that the bride was not the daughter of the bridegroom's father, but the daughter of a man named Richard Anchin, who was a very poor man, and who had been living in a little house uptown, its fair occupant and its supposed master. The Mackays took the tip, made the investigation and discovered that the bride was not the daughter of the bridegroom's father, but the daughter of a man named Richard Anchin, who was a very poor man, and who had been living in a little house uptown, its fair occupant and its supposed master.

## Confessed His Deceit.

When confronted with the truth of his perjury, he broke down completely, confessed all and begged only that the cause of the wedding be dropped. His engagement to Miss Mackay should not be a scandal. But Miss Mackay would have no such nonsense. She felt that she had been deceived, and she would not compromise of any kind. With characteristic spirit, she simply broke the engagement, and she was not to be seen upon the head of young Mr. Morgan.

Family influence was brought to bear upon the people who knew the facts in the case, but to no avail. The story was hushed up until it began to leak into the hands of the gossips, and is now retailed generally in the clubs and other uptown resorts. The engagement of the young man of his uncle, J. Pierpont Morgan, in Wall Street, but he is not nearly so conspicuous in society as he was at the time of his engagement to Miss Mackay.

Miss Mackay is a sister of Mr. Archibald Mackay, whose marriage to Miss Edwards was one of the social events of last year. She is a very young woman, who was popular for her wit and charm of manner, although she showed some inclination of being wild. Miss Margaret Hone, a member of the Hone family of four cities.

After a year and a half of somewhat twisted matrimonial experience, the first Mrs. Mackay ran away with an actor and left a six-year-old baby to its father's care. The irate career of this young woman has been related in the newspapers from time to time at times when it was not necessary to put it into it here. It has been added to only as evidence that the Mackays have had their sorrow as well as the Morgans.

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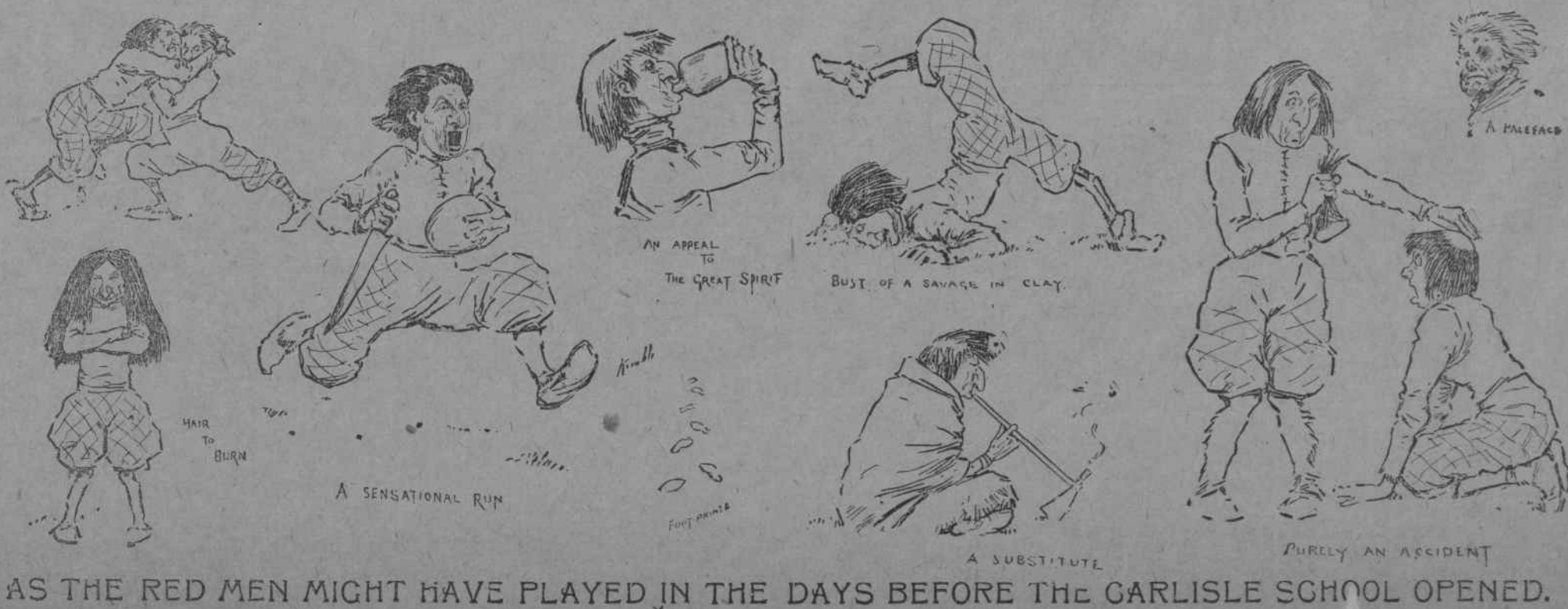
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AS THE RED MEN MIGHT HAVE PLAYED IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE CARLISLE SCHOOL OPENED.